Humorous Department

A farmer, the other day, took a plowshare to the blacksmith's to be sharpened, and while the blacksmith worked the farmer chuckled and bragged about a sale of hogs he had just made.

"Them hogs was only eight months old", he said, "and none too fat, nuther; but I seen that the buyer was at his wits' end, and by skillful juggin' I boosted up the price on him just 300 per cent. Yes, by gum, I got three times more fer them hogs than I uster get before the war."

The plowshare being done, the farmer handed the smith 50 cents.

"Hold on," said the smith, "I charge $1.50 for that job now."

"You scandalous rascal!" yelled the farmer. "What do you mean by treblin' your price on me? What have you done it for?"

"I've done it," said the blacksmith, "so's I'll be able to eat some of that high-priced pork of yours this winter."—Washington Star.

You Can't Keep Kansas Quiet.—Sixteen troop trains rolled into an Eastern terminal recently, bearing a contingent soon to fight in France. The regulations prescribe that all troop movements shall be conducted quietly, without the flaunting of flags or other demonstrations.

Not so this contingent. They were from Kansas. Their coaches were decorated from end to end with their messages of defiance that recalled the days of the prairie schooner:

"Kansas to Berlin."

"To h—l with the kaiser."

"We'll plant sunflowers on Unter den Linden."

"Berlin or Bust."—Kansas City Star.

Conserving The Ague.—To a native of a certain section of the southwest that is well known for its malarial tendencies a St. Louis traveling man said:

"I notice that there is a great deal of ague hereabout."

"Yes," was the laconic response.

"That's a great drawback. It unfits a man entirely for work, dosen't it?"

"Generally it does," said the other. "Still, here on my farm, when my man John has a right hard fit of the shakes we fastens the churn-dasher to him and, stranger, he brings the butter inside of fifteen minutes."—New York Times.

A Proposal.—It was after his eleventh cocktail that he proposed to me. "Dearest," he said, "the bubbling wine in my glass reflects the sparkle of your eyes. The graceful curve of the bottle counterfeits your slender form. Your touch soothes me as a cool fog at midnight brushing against my hot cheeks. The mysterious fragrance of early morn is your breath. Beloved, I adore you. Marry me."

"Come Freddie," I replied gently, "you proposed to me ten years ago and I married you. We must go home now. You are drunk."—Smart Set.

The editor recently received from a lady some verses, daintily tied up with pink ribbon and entitled, "I Wonder if He'll Miss Me?"

After reading them he returned the effort to the sender with the following note:

"Dear Madam: If he does he ought never to be trusted with firearms again.—Life.

Quizzer—"What's the matter, old man? You look worried."

Sizzer—"I have cause to. I engaged a man to trace my pedigree."

Quizzer—"Well, what's the trouble? Hasn't he been successful?"

Sizzer—"Successful! I should say he has! I'm paying him hush-money."—Judge.

Perfectly Safe.—"Now," said the physician to the poet who had summoned him, "you are not in good health, and I must forbid all brain work."

"But, doctor," protested the poet, "may I not write some verses?"

"Certainly," the doctor said, "write all the verses you want to!"—Life.

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tiptoeing up the aisle he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jock? Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No," blurted out the unhappy Jack, "the ring's safe eno'. But, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Exe—"So you've got a new gown after all. I thought you said you couldn't afford one this fall."

Mrs. Wye—"So I did; but my husband had a stroke of luck recently. He broke his leg the next day after taking out an accident policy that pays $50 a week."—Boston Transcript.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now; break the bones in Mr. Howins's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him.

John—All right sir; just as soon as I have sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.—Puck.

Perfectly Plain.—Judge—You reside—

Witness—With my brother.

"And your brother lives—"

"With me."

"Precisely. But you both live——"

"Together."—Judge.

In Hades.—"A new arrival, your majesty. Used to have an army overcoat contract."

"Good! Put him in the refrigerating department and give him a yard or two of mosquito netting to keep himself warm."—Punch.

Where He Finds 'Em.—First Storekeeper—"Say, you always seem to have such good-looking girls for clerks. Where do you find them?"

Second Ditto—"Usually way back in the corner arranging their hair."—3-in-One Sense.

Those Testimonials!—"Dear Sir—Before taking your medicine I was too weak to spank the baby, but now I can lick my husband. Heaven bless you!"—Life.

First Client—"Why do you have an apple as your trademark?"

Cash Tailor—"Well, well, if it hadn't been for an apple where would the clothing business be today?"—Puck.

Angry Motorist—That cop tried to treat me like a dog.

Friend—Probably he didn't recognize the style of license.—Puck.

Brown—I have a suit for every day in the week.

Black (awestruck)—Yeah?

Brown—Uh-huh; this is it.—Life.

AERIAL CAVALRY

Work Of Low Flying Airplanes Against Infantry.

THEIR SERVICE IS VERY IMPORTANT

Infantry Is Not Disposed To Stand Against A Birdman Who Comes At Then With a Machine Gun.

One of the most interesting features of modern warfare, writes the editor of a British Aerial Journal, is the use of low flying aeroplanes to attack troops on the ground. In this particular work aircraft becomes in reality the "cavalry of the air." When that phrase was coined most people merely thought that aeroplanes would do the scouting work which used to be done by cavalry when armies had flanks round which it was possible for cavalry to travel, and few believed that it was possible for aeroplanes to carry out the actual offensive work which in open warfare used to be done by raiding parties of cavalry in the rear of armies.

Now that it is impossible to get round the flanks of an army, owing partly to the enormous size of armies themselves and also to their extreme mobility, thanks to motor transport and perfected railway systems, obviously the only thing is to go over them, and that is why aeroplanes are now performing the functions of cavalry.

Reasonably Safe.

When the idea was first suggested it was considered that the casualties among aviators employed in this way would be so high, owing to the fire of rifles and machine guns on the ground, that it would practically be impossible to find enough men or machines to do the work. In practice it seems that the casualties among low flying aviators are rather lower than those among fighting pilots who are employed to oppose other aeroplanes in the higher atmosphere. The reason seems to be the very simple one that where two machines are fighting each other they both fly at approximately the same speed, and consequently offer one another a reasonable good mark, whereas an aeroplane traveling at something well over 100 miles per hour offers a very poor mark indeed to a man with a rifle who is standing still on the ground. Actually the vital parts of an aeroplane occupy a comparatively small space, and unless a machine is hit in one of those vital parts, or unless the pilot himself is hit, it is very hard indeed to do any considerable damage. It seems in fact that shooting aeroplanes with an ordinary service rifle is rather more difficult than shooting pigeons with a rook rifle.

A Pleasing Change.

So far as one can gather, the aviators themselves regard what some of them call "ground-straffing" as being quite a pleasing change from fighting enemy aviators in the higher levels. Even admitting that the risks taken by the low-flying pilots are as great as those taken by the pilots in a fighting patrol, there is considerably more activity and interest in ground work. To begin with, targets are more easily found, and, when found, are considerably bigger and more easily hit than when a man has to patrol the sky perhaps for hours constantly on the lookout for an enemy. When a big attack is in progress, it is absolutely certain that masses of troops and transports will be found on any main road, and there are very few troops who can stand without breaking formation with a fast aeroplane flying straight at them, pumping out a stream of bullets. It is not surprising that pilots find even a certain amount of humor in seeing a solid column of men break up and tumble precipitately into the ditches at the side of the road on the appearance of one lonely little aviator.

Surprised General and Staff.

In the days before ground-straffing was developed as a regular branch of military tactics, one of our machines had been out on reconnaissance in the early morning, and on its way home ran into such a thick fog that the pilot considered that the safest thing to do was to fly home along one of the big main French roads, knowing that in this way he would be certain of his whereabouts, and reckoning that owing to the thickness of the fog he would disappear into it long before any infantry he might meet would have time to fire at him. As he was tearing along the roads just about level with the tree tops, he suddenly came upon a German general, complete with gilded staff, apparently returning from an early tour of inspection near the front lines. According to the observer of the machine, the staff promptly fainted and fell off their horses, while the general himself, after one look of horrified surprise, set spurs to his horse and raced down the road in the direction from which the aeroplane had come. According to the observer, he and his pilot nearly fell out of the machine laughing, but the pilot, knowing that his petrol was running short, continued on his homeward way, instead of turning round to have a shot at the dismounted staff.

The Moral Effect.

The amount of damage actually done by low flying aviators, is, of course, impossible to estimate, but they cannot be very great, because aviators are numbered in tens where infantrymen are counted in thousands. But the moral effect is very considerable, and certainly does delay the arrival of fresh troops and of munitions and food.

For ground-straffing an aviator needs considerably less training than he does for any other branch of flying. So long as he has plenty of pluck and endurance practically all he needs is to be able to fly well and shoot straight. He does not need the extensive and prolonged military training of the artillery spotter or of the reconnaissance observer and pilot, nor does he need the acrobatic education of the ordinary high-level fighting pilot, nor yet the scientific teaching of the really skillful bomb-dropper. Practically all he has to do is to pitch himself into the fight, drop his numerous small bombs from low altitudes onto troops and transport, railways, bridges, camps and munition dumps, etc., and pump out all his machine gun ammunition as fast as he can find targets for it. There is no weary patrol work, no anxious watching of the sky for enemy machines, or at any rate very little of it; in fact, the low-flying game has almost exactly the same dash and excitement which used to be connected with a cavalry charge.

Simple Machines.

Moreover, machines for this particular class of work are comparatively easily and cheaply built, and it is even posible to use some of the older types of machines, which would not now be suitable for high-level fighting. So long as a machine is fast and easily pitched about it does excellently for ground-straffing. Quickly and easily controlled machines like Sopwith "Pups" or Martinsyde "Elephants" or some of the older Bristols and Havillands come in quite well for this work, although they have since been superseded for high flying by newer and improved types of the same British designers. In these days the British aeroplane manufacturer is more than justifying all the faith that was placed in him years ago by those who knew his capabilities, so that, while the latest British aeroplanes are more than able to tackle the best enemy machines in the highest altitudes, even obsolescent machines are capable of doing valuable "cavalry" work near the ground.

DISCONTENT

Some of the Things Growing out of This Frame of Mind.

The discontent of Columbus discovered America.

The discontent of Cyrus W. Field spanned the Atlantic ocean with the cable.

The discontent of Alexander Graham Bell gave us the telephone.

The discontent of Elias Howe gave us the sewing machine.

The discontent of Gugllemo Marconi gave us the wireless telegraphy.

The discontent of the Wright brothers gave us the flying machine, which it is hoped will finally win the war.

The discontent of the American people, of the thirteen struggling colonies, in our early history gave us the Declaration of Independence and our democracy.

Discontent has built our cities, our civilization; has pushed humanity up from the Hottentots to the Lincolns, the Edisons.

Discontent has registered in the patent office in Washington a thousand devices under Edison's name.

Discontent has done all the great things which have ever been done in the world.

Discontent has made all the difference between bare existence and genuine living, the living worth while.

It took man out of a cave and built him a cabin; out of the cabin and built him a cottage; out of the cottage and built him a beautiful home.

It replaced the pony express with the fast mail train; the stage-coach with the accommodation train; the accommodation train with the lightning express.

A divine discontent has ever been the great elevator of mankind, the great producer, the great inventor, the great discoverer, the great engineer, the world's great pusher.—New Science Magazine.

Birth of Express Company Idea.—William Frederick Harnden, when a mere youth, often worked sixteen hours a day in the office of the Boston and Worchester Railroad. In 1839 he went to New York for a short rest.

There were at that time in the United States about 2,818 miles of railroad. Now we have close to 250,000, but our subject is not of railroads, but men with the rich, red blood with the warmer in their veins.

There was no express company in those days, so Harnden said to a friend, "an express or package-carrying concern is a necessity—I will be one."

Harnden bought a couple of extra large and heavy carpet bags and announced that he was in the errand running business, and would transport parcels between Boston and New York or between intermediate points, at remarkably low prices; in fact his price was so low people thought it was a hoax.

However the idea took. The people wanted it. It was now possible to send goods with some surety of their reaching the desired point in a reasonable time, instead of waiting until some good-natured traveler, or stage driver came along and agreed to make the delivery, as was the custom before Harnden sprung his idea.

A certain store in the west, which utilizes the express service, places this label on all packages:

"It is our purpose that every transaction with this store shall either make a permanent friend or strengthen one previously made. If for any reason this transaction has not accomplished either of the above, we have failed in our duty in some particular, and we will thank you for calling our attention to any shortcoming.

"Please receive our assurance that we will immediately make right that which requires our correction."—Philadelphia Ledger.

INDIA HOOK NOTES

Correspondence The Yorkville Enquirer

India Hook, April 29—The heavy rains are causing some discouragement among the farmers of this community as they are unable to get their crops planted. The wheat crop in this section is very good, but the rains have damaged it to some extent.

Misses Minnie Garrison and Lillis Ashe gave a very interesting demonstration at India Hook school this week.

Miss Alice Garrison closed her school at Forest Hill, last week and is now at home.

Mrs. W. M. Carothers, with her little daughter, Ida Louise, is spending the week-end at Lancaster, with relatives.

Miss Ruth Ashe spent last week-end with Misses Ina Ashe and Bessie Turner.

One of the most successful entertainments was given at India Hook school on last Wednesday night, when pupils from both the high school and primary departments contested for U. S. thrift stamps, which were offered as prizes. The first place in the high school was given to Connie Warner, subject: "Little Miss Mischief". The second to Ollie McCoy, "That Hired Girl." In the primary, Ida Louise Carothers was given first place, "Waiting For Crumbs," and the second to Madge Warner, "Papa's Baby." Afterwards ice cream was served.

Several new houses have been completed at the Catawba Power Plant and the operators are moving in their families.

A very interesting program is being arranged for Children's Day, which is to be the 2nd Sunday in May.

Mrs. Mack Gaston spent several days of last week at her home in Shelby, on account of the illness of her mother.

The teachers and pupils of India Hook school are busy practicing for the play "Valley Farm" to be given at the closing of school.

BRAVE STEVEN DECATUR

(Continued from Page One.)

ous Turk, young James had one arm disabled by a pistol shot. He then armed himself with a pike, and soon the other arm was disabled from a sabre blow.

It was in this condition, with both arms useless, that he saw his captain endangered, and interposed his own head to save Decatur. Strange to say the blow did no more injury than to cut a deep gash in his head. James lived many years after his captain met death in 1820 in a duel.

Decatur succeeded in getting both his prizes to the squadron.

Decatur's next engagement of note was in the war of 1812, when, in command of the frigate United States, he fought and captured the Macedonian, 38 guns, Captain Carden. Decatur's superior skill in manoeuvering his ship ended the battle with comparatively little damage, and only four killed and seven wounded, while the Macedonian's masts were all shot away, she had one hundred round shot in her hull, and lost 36 killed and 68 wounded.

Decatur refused to take Captain Carden's sword, saying he would rather take the hand of so brave an officer. Decatur conveyed his prize to Newport through seas swarming with British ships. Decatur then went to sea in the President, and fell in with a British fleet. Seeing escape was impossible he decided to give battle to the most formidable of the fleet in the hope of later escaping. After a hot engagement in which he seriously damaged his opponent, Decatur made sail, hoping for thick weather. However, outdistanced him, two of the enemy sacrifice the lives of and rather than surrendered.

After the battle it was found he had struck the frigate Majestic, whipped the Endymion, that the other two his crew, surrendered.

Decatur was paroled and arrived at New London, February 22, 1815. He was acclaimed a hero and placed in a carraige and driven through the streets by the people. On the declaration of war with the Barbary powers in 1815 Decatur commanded one division of the fleet sent to the Mediterranean. With the Guerriere, 44 guns, he captured the Algerine ship Mashouda, 46 guns, commanded by Admiral Rais Hamida, the ranking officer of the Bey of Algiers, who was killed early in the action.

Before leaving the United States Commodore Bainbridge, in command of the entire squadron; Commodore Decatur, and William Shaler, consul-general from the United States to the Barbary powers, had been appointed commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Bey of Algiers.

With the consul aboard his ship, Decatur decided not to await the arrival of Bainbridge, and forced the Bey to sign the treaty that provided that no more tributes be paid by the United States, no Americans be enslaved, and all American vessels be treated hospitably and their wants relieved in any Algerine port. Decatur then proceeded to the other Barbary powers and forced them to sign like treaties.

Commodore Decatur's brilliant career was ended in a duel with James Barron, a former naval officer, whose reinstatement he had fought. Decatur refused to shoot to kill Barron, who sent a fatal bullet into the commodore. The duel took place near Washington, March 22, 1820. As he lay on the field of death Decatur exclaimed:

"I am mortally wounded, at least I believe so, and wish I had fallen in defence of my country."

Of the forty-two years of his life twenty-two had been spent in the naval service of his country. And throughout that career his record had been one of splendid achievement, daring, and an intense love of country.

His name is even now, almost a century after his death, on the rolls of the navy department, and in service in the world conflict is a destroyer that bears his name. Deeds as heroic as those that were recorded opposite his name will be performed in the present war, and it may fall to the lot of the young officers and crews aboard the Destroyer Decatur to have a share of the plaudits.

If tradition counts for anything—and it has been rated as having a high place in keeping the navy up to a standard second to none—then the "boys" aboard the Decatur will be heard from before peace comes to the world.

CAT MEAT AS WAR DIET

Such Proposal Raised Storm of Protest in Washington.

How about cats as war food?

A Washington scientist, Herbert Poponoe, urges that in these days of meat scarcity it is a pity to waste them.

Cat meat, he avers, when properly cooked, is indistinguishable from rabbit meat. He has proved this to his own satisfaction by actual trial. Nay, more, he backs his assertion with the testimony of friends.

At the risk, possibly, of losing those friends, he invited a number of them to dine with him. It was a dinner of thirty covers, and the piece de resistance was cat.

It was supposed to be a rabbit dinner. Everybody enjoyed it. "But," says Mr. Poponoe, "after we had pushed back our chairs and had lighted our after-dinner cigars I told them."

It was a psychological moment. Each guest, in turn, spoke frankly. Some said that it had occurred to them that the "rabbit" was of an odd flavor—"tasted funny," as they expressed it. The majority, however, declared their approval. One confessed to stomach qualms, but these did not develop until he was told that he had been eating cat.

For authorative scientific judgment the matter was referred to "Old Doc" Wiley. He had eaten no cat, but was ready with a decision. What he said was:

"Cat meat is as nutritious as rabbit or beefsteak. It is just as good as rabbit, and ought to be equally palatable. The prejudice against it is purely psychologic. By eating cats we could conserve the meat supply, and, incidentally, the expense of feeding the animals would be saved."

It is estimated that in any urban community there is at least one cat for every three persons. In rural districts the proportion is certainly not less. Thus one may assume that in the United States there are about 35,000,000 cats.

An enterprising householder, economical at the butcher's, can supply his family with all needed meat by trapping cats. Nothing could be easier. At the same time, there is nothing anybody could do that is better calculated to engender neighborhood hostilities.

Mr. Poponoe has found it that way. What he has sought for food purposes has been street cats—vagrant animals that are more or less of a nuisance in any community. But his neighbors have believed that their pets were in danger.

Anxious and angered, they have gone so far as to hale him into the police court. But the police judge said that he could find no law against eating cats.

It was even suggested that Mr. Poponoe's propaganda offered evidence of mental derangement. John P. Heap, superintendent of the Humane Society of the District of Columbia, is quoted as saying: "To my notion, eating cats is against the law of morals. I believe that any one who would want to eat cat meat could hardly be in his right mind."

So there you have it. What, in view of all these arguments, would you think about eating cat meat?—Philadelphia Ledger.

BUMPS IN WAR NEWS

Not a Good Idea to Let Them Impress You too Much.

Do you ride all the bumps of the war news from day to day? Many good patriots do. Each morning brings its passing changes in the war situation; now gloom, in the form of a setback on the western front, or further disintegration in Russia, or rumors of delay in our own war preparations. Next morning, like as not, there will be something of a hopeful nature, such as the checking of the Huns' drive in Italy, or a raid by the British or French, or good news here at home.

To follow and feel all these glees and glooms from day to day is human and exciting.

But it involves much less wear and tear of the spirit.

There is another viewpoint—that of disregarding the daily shifts and changes in the war situation, keeping one's attention concentrated on the long haul of war and the final results.

That haul is still a long one. For Germany is not beaten yet, but the results are sure, because we have right on our side, and also the largest battalions. If you grow warm and then cold, and alternate between enthusiasm and depression with the daily news changes, you not only waste your energy, but are likely to fluctuate in your policy as a business man and your determination as a patriot. The good resolution to save food, support Uncle Sam financially and cheerfully, adjust your business and habits to the war programme, will be stiffened on the morning that you read about some Hun atrocity against our own soldiers in France. But in a week there may be news of a different character, which leads you to let down a little, on the assumption that Germany has begun to crack and that the war is about over.

It is good business, good patriotism, and good conservation to forget most of the headlines in the morning paper and concentrate strictly upon the long, hard grind between today and the final result. That will save your spirit, buck up your resolution, and enable you to do your utmost in winning the war.

Moreover, it will enable you to get out of the war, as a business man and a patriot, the utmost benefit from war adjustments. Those adjustments make for wiser and more economical personal habits, as well as a business grounded in sound economy.

Even should peace come tomorrow you can never go back to the old heedless, wasteful ways, either in business or livelihood.

Don't ride the bumps of the war news!

Settle down in harness for the long, grim haul that counts!—James H. Collins.

SPRING GOODS

Sewing for the Soldiers

Work of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross chapter was organized April 27, 1917, with 200 members. It was a year old April 27, 1918, and has now a membership of 900. The following branches belong to the chapter, Sharon, with a membership of 216, Hickory Grove, with 211, Bullock's Creek, 170; McConnellsville, 120; York colored people about 30. The colored people of Mt. Zion have petitioned to be a branch.

The sewing units have resumed their work, and will sew in their work room in the courthouse Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week. Unit No. 7 sewed on Tuesday, Unit No. 8 on Wednesday, Unit No. 1, Thursday and Unit No. 2 on Friday. They are making undershirts and underdrawers.

The surgical dressing class has finished their allotment for April, 900 cotton pads, 8 by 12. The May allotment is 1,600 gauze wipes and 480 split irrigation pads. This class works on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, from 4 to 6. p. m. There is a night class for those who are unable to work during the day. The class will be glad of any outside help. It is not necessary to take the course to do this work. The following gifts have been made in the surgical dressing work:

Mrs. J. G. Sassi	$10.00
Miss Willie Williams	14.00
Mrs. J. M. Ramsey	10.27
Through 42 party a member of the class	3.00
Total	$37.27

The fiscal year of the Red Cross ended in April, but by directions received from headquarters the officers and executive committee will continue to act until October, the new date set for the end of the fiscal year.

Margaret A. Gist,
Chairman of Publicity.

Ford for Senator.—Republicans and Democrats are said to be seriously contemplating the bringing of Henry Ford into the Republican primary for the senatorial nomination in Michigan and running him as a non-partisan supporter of the administration. A recent expression of the manufacturer's is much liked among those who believe in eliminating political partisanship during the war. "I am a Republican," he is credited with saying, 'and didn't want war. We have a Democrat for president and we have war, and I am for both." Another of his sayings, equally popular is this: "It is the duty of every American to stand by President Wilson and his cabinet and lay plans to retain him in office until the end of the war, even if the war should last ten years." If Henry Ford's submarine chasers come up to the expectations of his friends it would be difficult for any man to defeat him for any office he might seek. But it is very doubtful if he could be tempted to go into politics in any event.—Christian Science Monitor.